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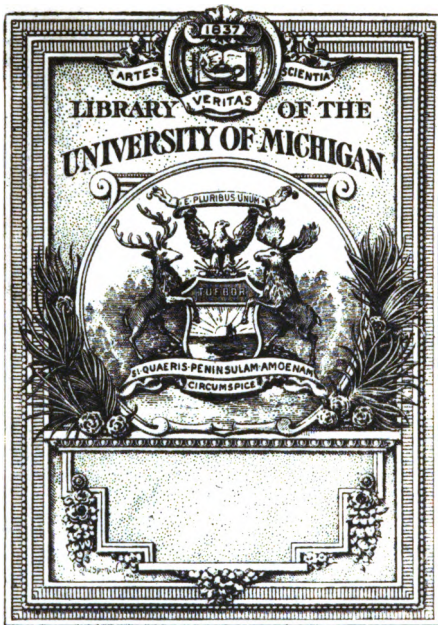
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OXFORD GARLANDS

RELIGIOUS POEMS

SELECTED BY

R. M. LEONARD

**If any thing delight me for to print
My book, 'tis this ; that thou, my God, art in 't.**

HERRICK

**HUMPHREY MILFORD
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PREFATORY NOTE

THE selection of religious poetry for such a volume as this, in which a high standard is aimed at, is a very difficult task. As Professor Palgrave pointed out in *The Treasury of Sacred Song*, edited for the Oxford University Press twenty-five years ago,

religious poems, hymns in particular, beyond any other modes of poetry, hold a special place in the hearts of men ; so closely intertwined with the predilections of childhood, with the memories of the home or the church of our youth, with the voices no longer heard on this side the grave, that they have a charm for us beyond criticism,—a spell which is none the less irresistible because it is not cast over us by their own proper magic.

I have excluded hymns and poems which, although not written for the purpose, have been pressed into the service of the churches, and this explains the absence of Cowper and other truly religious poets. Carols have also been omitted, as they would require a volume to themselves. A few poems which might possibly be looked for in this selection have been reserved for other volumes in the series.

My aim has been to find room for poems which the most fastidious taste, poetical or religious, would approve. That these poems are mostly the work of those who have long since received their reward is no reflection on more modern poets, and I am fortunate in having obtained permission to reprint copyright poems which will bear comparison with the best in the book.

Some explanation of the arrangement of the poems may be desirable. In the first place are poems addressed to God and to Jesus Christ, whose nativity is naturally followed by poems on childhood ; poems on the Cross and the Resurrection precede others on providence, and love and faith ; sin and sorrow are followed by prayer and praise, and then are given poems on certain worthies of the Christian faith ; next are poems on night, and the lessons of nature lead through Wordsworth's sonnet to the philosophy of age. It is then a short step for mortals to death, judgement, and the life hereafter, the fine passage from Browning ending this necessarily brief survey of religious experience. Where it has been thought desirable or found necessary to print only a portion of the poem the fact is duly stated in the notes.

My acknowledgements are due to the Poet Laureate, Mr. Bridges, and to Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., for their kindness in permitting the use of his poems, to Mr. Herbert Paul for Digby Mackworth Dolben's work, to Mrs. Meynell for her poems, to Mrs. Macanally and to Lady Victoria Buxton for the Hon. Roden Noel's *Toy Cross*, to Messrs. Bell for Coventry Patmore's *Toys*, to Messrs. Chatto & Windus for Stevenson's *Celestial Surgeon* (and to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons in respect of American rights), and to Mr. Wilfrid Meynell for the two poems by Francis Thompson.

R. M. LEONARD.

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RELIGIOUS POEMS



GOD BE IN MY HEAD

God be in my head,
And in my understanding ;

God be in mine eyes,
And in my looking ;

God be in my mouth, 5.
And in my speaking ;

God be in my heart,
And in my thinking ;

God be at mine end, 10.
And at my departing.

(Sarum Primer, 1558.)

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come, visit every pious mind ;
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free ; 5
 And make thy temples worthy thee.
 O source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promised Paraclete !
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ; 10
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us, while we sing.
 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sevenfold energy !
 Thou strength of his Almighty hand, 15
 Whose power does heaven and earth command :
 Proceeding spirit, our defence,
 Who dost the gift of tongues dispense,
 And crown'st thy gift with eloquence !
 Refine and purge our earthy parts ; 20
 But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !
 Our frailties help, our vice control,
 Submit the senses to the soul ;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold them down. 25
 Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
 And lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.

Make us eternal truths receive, 30
 And practise all that we believe :
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father and the Son, by thee.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name : 35
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died :
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to thee.

J. DRYDEN.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

HEAR me, O God !
 A broken heart
 Is my best part :
 Use still thy rod,
 That I may prove 5
 Therein, thy love.

If thou hadst not
 Been stern to me,
 But left me free,
 I had forgot 10
 Myself and thee.

For sin 's so sweet,
 As minds ill bent
 Rarely repent,
 Until they meet 15
 Their punishment.

Who more can crave
 Than thou hast done ?
 That gav'st a son
 To free a slave : 20
 First made of nought ;
 With all since bought.

Sin, death, and hell
 His glorious name
 Quite overcame ; 25
 Yet I rebel,
 And slight the same.

But I'll come in,
 Before my loss
 Me farther toss, 30
 As sure to win
 Under his cross.

BEN JONSON.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

FATHER of all ! in every age,
 In every clime adored,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !
 Thou great First Cause, least understood ! 5
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ; 10
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun, 15
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away ;
For God is paid when man receives,
To enjoy is to obey. 20

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round :

Let not this weak, unknowing hand 25
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay ; 30
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
 At aught thy wisdom has denied, 35
 Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me. 40

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quickened by thy breath ;
 Oh lead me whereso'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot : 45
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestowed or not ;
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies, 50
 One chorus let all being raise ;
 All nature's incense rise !

A. POPE.

THE PROMETHEAN CONQUEROR

A POWER from the unknown God,
 A Promethean conqueror, came ;
 Like a triumphal path he trod
 The thorns of death and shame.
 A mortal shape to him 5
 Was like the vapour dim
 Which the orient planet animates with light ;
 Hell, Sin, and Slavery came,
 Like bloodhounds mild and tame,
 Nor preyed, until their Lord had taken flight ; 10
 The moon of Mahomet
 Arose, and it shall set :
 While blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon
 The cross leads generations on.

P. B. SHELLEY.

CHRIST IN THE UNIVERSE

WITH this ambiguous earth
 His dealings have been told us. These abide :
 The signal to a maid, the human birth,
 The lesson, and the young Man crucified.

 But not a star of all 5
 The innumerable host of stars has heard
 How he administered this terrestrial ball.
 Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Of his earth-visiting feet
 None knows the secret—cherished, perilous, 10
 The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
 Heart-shattering secret of his way with us.

No planet knows that this
 Our wayside planet, carrying land and wave,
 Love and life multiplied, and pain and bliss, 15
 Bears, as chief treasure, one forsaken grave.

Nor, in our little day,
 May his devices with the heavens be guessed,
 His pilgrimage to thread the Milky Way
 Or his bestowals there be manifest. 20

But in the eternities,
 Doubtless we shall compare together, hear
 A million alien Gospels, in what guise
 He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

O, be prepared, my soul ! 25
 To read the inconceivable, to scan
 The million forms of God those stars unroll
 When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

ALICE MEYNELL.

IT WAS THE WINTER WILD

It was the winter wild,
 While the heaven-born child
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
 Nature in awe to him
 Had doffed her gaudy trim, 5
 With her great Master so to sympathize :
 It was no season then for her
 To wanton with the sun her lusty paramour.

But He her fears to cease,
 Sent down the meek-eyed Peace, 10
 She crowned with olive green came softly sliding
 Down through the turning sphere,
 His ready harbinger,
 With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
 And waving wide her myrtle wand, 15
 She strikes a universal peace through sea or land.

No war, or battle's sound
 Was heard the world around,
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
 The hookèd chariot stood 20
 Unstained with hostile blood,
 The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng,
 And kings sate still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night 25
 Wherein the Prince of light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :
 The winds with wonder whist
 Smoothly the waters kissed,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean, 30
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
 wave.

J. MILTON.

IN THE HOLY NATIVITY OF OUR LORD GOD

A HYMN SUNG AS BY THE SHEPHERDS

TITYRUS

GLOOMY night embraced the place
 Where the noble Infant lay.
 The Babe looked up and showed his face ;
 In spite of darkness, it was day.
 It was thy day, sweet ! and did rise, 5
 Not from the east, but from thine eyes.
Chorus. It was thy day, sweet, &c.

THYRSIS

Winter chid aloud, and sent
 The angry North to wage his wars.
 The North forgot his fierce intent, 10
 And left perfumes instead of scars.

25 By those sweet eyes' persuasive powers,
Where he meant frost, he scattered flowers.

Chorus. By those sweet eyes', &c.

BOTH

30 We saw thee in thy balmy nest, 15

Young dawn of our eternal day !

41 We saw thine eyes break from their east,

And chase the trembling shades away.

We saw thee, and we blessed the sight ;

We saw thee by thine own sweet light. 20

TITYRUS

Poor world (said I) what wilt thou do

To entertain this starry stranger ?

Is this the best thou canst bestow ?

A cold, and not too cleanly, manger ?

Contend, the powers of heaven and earth, 25

To fit a bed for this huge birth.

Chorus. Contend, the powers, &c.

THYRSIS

5 Proud world (said I) cease your contest,

And let the mighty babe alone ;

The phoenix builds the phoenix' nest, 30

Love's architecture is his own.

The babe, whose birth embraves this morn,

Made his own bed ere he was born.

Chorus. The babe, whose, &c.

TITYRUS

I saw the curled drops, soft and slow, 35
 Come hovering o'er the place's head ;
 Offering their whitest sheets of snow
 To furnish the fair Infant's bed ;
 Forbear, said I ; be not too bold,
 Your fleeee is white, but 't is too cold. 40
Chorus. Forbear, said I, &c.

THYRSIS

I saw the obsequious Seraphims
 Their rosy fleece of fire bestow,
 For well they now can spare their wing,
 Since Heaven itself lies here below. 45
 Well done, said I ; but are you sure
 Your down so warm, will pass for pure ?
Chorus. Well done, said I, &c.

TITYRUS

No, no ! your King's not yet to seek
 Where to repose his royal head ; 50
 See, see, how soon his new-bloomed cheek
 'Twixt 's mother's breasts is gone to bed.
 Sweet choicee, said I ; no way but so
 Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow.
Chorus. Sweet choicee, said I, &c. 55

BOTH

We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
 Bright dawn of our eternal day !
 We saw thine eyes break from their east,
 And chase the trembling shades away.
 We saw thee, and we blessed the sight, 60
 We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

R. CRASHAW.

A HYMN ON THE NATIVITY OF MY
SAVIOUR

I SING the birth was born to-night,
 The author both of life and light ;
 The angels so did sound it.
 And like the ravished shepherds said,
 Who saw the light and were afraid, 5
 Yet searched, and true they found it.

The Son of God, the eternal King,
 That did us all salvation bring,
 And freed the soul from danger ;
 He whom the whole world could not take, 10
 The Word, which heaven and earth did make,
 Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom willed it so,
 The Son's obedience knew no No,
 Both wills were in one stature ; 15
 And, as that wisdom had decreed,
 The Word was now made flesh indeed,
 And took on him our nature.

What comfort by him do we win,
 Who made himself the price of sin, 20
 To make us heirs of glory !
 To see this babe, all innocence,
 A martyr born in our defence :
 Can man forget the story ?

BEN JONSON.

NEW PRINCE, NEW POMP

BEHOLD a silly tender Babe,
 In freezing winter night,
 In homely manger trembling lies ;
 Alas, a piteous sight !

The inns are full, no man will yield 5
 This little pilgrim bed ;
 But forced he is with silly beasts
 In crib to shroud his head.

Despise him not for lying there :
 First what he is inquire. 10
 An orient pearl is often found
 In depth of dirty mire.

Weigh not his crib, his wooden dish,
 Nor beasts that by him feed ;
 Weigh not his mother's poor attire, 15
 Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a prince's court ;
 The crib, his chair of state ;
 The beasts are parcel of his pomp ;
 The wooden dish his plate. 20

The persons in that poor attire
 His royal liveries wear.
 The Prince himself is come from heaven ;
 This pomp is praised there.

With joy approach, O Christian wight ! 25
 Do homage to thy King ;
 And highly praise this humble pomp
 Which he from heaven doth bring.

R. SOUTHWELL.

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary winter's night
 Stood shivering in the snow,
 Surprised was I with sudden heat
 Which made my heart to glow ;

And lifting up a fearful eye 5
 To view what fire was near,
 A pretty babe all burning bright
 Did in the air appear,
 Who, scorched with exceeding heat,
 Such floods of tears did shed 10
 As though his floods should quench his flames,
 With what his tears were fed :
 ‘ Alas ! ’ quoth he, ‘ but newly born
 In fiery heats I fry,
 Yet none approach to warm their hearts 15
 Or feel my fire but I !

‘ My faultless breast the furnace is ;
 The fuel wounding thorns ;
 Love is the fire and sighs the smoke ;
 The ashes shame and scorns ; 20
 The fuel Justice layeth on,
 And Mercy blows the coals ;
 The metal in this furnace wrought
 Are men’s defilèd souls :
 For which, as now on fire I am, 25
 To work them to their good,
 So will I melt into a bath
 To wash them in my blood.’
 With this he vanished out of sight
 And swiftly shrunk away, 30
 And straight I callèd unto mind
 That it was Christmas Day.

R. SOUTHWELL.

A ROCKING HYMN

SWEET baby, sleep ! what ails my dear,
 What ails my darling thus to cry ?
 Be still, my child, and lend thine ear
 To hear me sing thy lullaby :
 My pretty lamb, forbear to weep ; 5
 Be still, my dear ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou blessèd soul, what canst thou fear ?
 What thing to thee can mischief do ?
 Thy God is now thy Father dear,
 His holy spouse thy mother too. 10
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Whilst thus thy lullaby I sing,
 For thee great blessings ripening be :
 Thine eldest brother is a king, 15
 And hath a kingdom bought for thee.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Sweet baby, sleep, and nothing fear ;
 For whosoever thee offends 20
 By thy Protector threatened are,
 And God and angels are thy friends.
 Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

When God with us was dwelling here, 25
 In little babes he took delight ;
 Such innocents as thou, my dear,
 Are ever precious in his sight.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep. 30

A little infant once was he ;
 And strength in weakness then was laid
 Upon his virgin-mother's knee,
 That power to thee might be conveyed.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ; 35
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

In this thy frailty and thy need
 He friends and helpers doth prepare,
 Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed,
 For of thy weal they tender are. 40

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

The King of kings, when he was born,
 Had not so much for outward ease ;
 By him such dressings were not worn, 45
 Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Within a manger lodged thy Lord,
 Where oxen lay, and asses fed : 50
 Warm rooms we do to thee afford,
 An easy cradle or a bed.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep.

Thou hast, yet more, to perfect this, 55

A promise and an earnest got
 Of gaining everlasting bliss,
 Though thou, my babe, perceiv'st it not.

Sweet baby, then forbear to weep ;
 Be still, my babe ; sweet baby, sleep. 60

G. WITHER.

A LITTLE CHILD

Matt. xviii. 3:

LOVE, thou art absolute sole Lord
 Of life and death. To prove the word,
 We'll now appeal to none of all
 Those thy old soldiers, great and tall,
 Ripe men of martyrdom, that could reach down 5
 With strong arms their triumphant crown :
 Such as could with lusty breath
 Speak loud into the face of death
 Their great Lord's glorious name ; to none 9
 Of those whose spacious bosoms spread a throne
 For Love at large to fill ; spare blood and sweat :
 And see him take a private seat,
 Making his mansion in the mild
 And milky soul of a soft child.

R. CRASHAW.

THE RETREAT

HAPPY those early days, when I
 Shined in my Angel-infancy.
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race, 5
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught
 But a white, celestial thought,
 When yet I had not walked above
 A mile or two from my first Love,
 And looking back, at that short space,
 Could see a glimpse of his bright face ; 10
 When on some gilded cloud or flower
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity ;
 Before I taught my tongue to wound 15
 My conscience with a sinful sound,
 Or had the black art to dispense
 A several sin to every sense,
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness. 20
 Oh, how I long to travel back,
 And tread again that ancient track !
 That I might once more reach that plain,
 Where first I left my glorious train,
 From whence the enlightened spirit sees 25
 That shady city of palm trees !

But ah ! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way.
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move ; 30
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came, return.

H. VAUGHAN.

WONDER

How like an angel came I down !
 How bright are all things here !
 When first among his works I did appear,
 Oh, how their glory did me crown !
 The World resembled his eternity, 5
 In which my soul did walk ;
 And everything that I did see
 Did with me talk.

The skies in their magnificence,
 The lovely lively air, 10
 Oh, how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair !
 The stars did entertain my sense ;
 And all the works of God so bright and pure,
 So rich and great, did seem,
 As if they ever must endure 15
 In my esteem.

A native health and innocence
 Within my bones did grow,
 And while my God did all his glories show
 I felt a vigour in my sense 20
 That was all spirit : I within did flow
 With seas of life like wine ;
 I nothing in the world did know
 But 't was divine.

T. TRAHERNE.

THE LAMB

LITTLE Lamb, who made thee ?
 Dost thou know who made thee ?
 Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
 By the stream and o'er the mead ;
 Gave thee clothing of delight, 5
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice ?
 Little Lamb, who made thee ?
 Dost thou know who made thee ? 10

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
 Little Lamb, I'll tell thee :
 He is called by thy name,
 For he calls himself a Lamb.
 He is meek, and he is mild ; 15
 He became a little child.

I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by his name.

Little Lamb, God bless thee !

Little Lamb, God bless thee !

20

W. BLAKE.

TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD ; A PRESENT,
BY A CHILD

Go, pretty child, and bear this flower
Unto thy little Saviour ;

And tell him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.

When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon his bib or stomacher ;

5

And tell him, for good handsel too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean straight oaten reed,

To charm his cries at time of need ;

10

Tell him, for coral thou hast none,
But if thou hadst, he should have one ;
But poor thou art, and known to be
Even as moneyless as he.

Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss

15

From those mellifluous lips of his,
Then never take a second on
To spoil the first impression.

R. HERRICK.

LITTLE JESUS

Ex ore infantium Deus et lactentium perfecisti laudem

LITTLE Jesus, wast thou shy
 Once, and just so small as I ?
 And what did it feel like to be
 Out of Heaven, and just like me ?
 Didst thou sometimes think of *there*, 5
 And ask where all the angels were ?
 I should think that I would cry
 For my house all made of sky ;
 I would look about the air,
 And wonder where my angels were ; 10
 And at waking 't would distress me—
 Not an angel there to dress me !
 Hadst thou ever any toys,
 Like us little girls and boys ?
 And didst thou play in Heaven with all 15
 The angels that were not too tall,
 With stars for marbles ? Did the things
 Play *Can you see me ?* through their wings ?
 And did thy Mother let thee spoil
 Thy robes, with playing on *our* soil ? 20
 How nice to have them always new
 In Heaven, because 't was quite clean blue !

Didst thou kneel at night to pray,
 And didst thou join thy hands, this way ?
 And did they tire sometimes, being young, 25
 And make the prayer seem very long ?

And dost thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to thee ?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do. 30
And did thy Mother at the night
Kiss thee, and fold the clothes in right ?
And didst thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and thy prayers said ?

Thou canst not have forgotten all 35
That it feels like to be small :
And thou know'st I cannot pray
To thee in my father's way—
When thou wast so little, say,
Couldst thou talk thy Father's way ?— 40

So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like thy own ;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To thy Father show my prayer 45
(He will look, thou art so fair),
And say : ' O Father, I, thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one.'

And he will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since thou wast young ! 50

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

THE TOYS

My little Son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
 And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
 Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
 I struck him, and dismissed
 With hard words and unkissed, 5
 His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
 Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
 I visited his bed,
 But found him slumbering deep,
 With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet 10
 From his late sobbing wet.
 And I, with moan,
 Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;
 For, on a table drawn beside his head,
 He had put, within his reach, 15
 A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
 A piece of glass abraded by the beach
 And six or seven shells,
 A bottle with bluebells
 And two French copper coins, ranged there with
 careful art, 20
 To comfort his sad heart.
 So, when that night I prayed
 To God, I wept, and said :
 Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
 Not vexing thee in death, 25
 And thou rememberest of what toys
 We made our joys,

How weakly understood
 Thy great commanded good,
 Then, fatherly not less 30
 Than I whom thou hast moulded from the clay,
 Thou 'lt leave thy wrath, and say,
 ' I will be sorry for their childishness.'

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE TOY CROSS

My little boy at Christmas-tide
 Made me a toy cross ;
 Two sticks he did, in boyish pride,
 With brazen nail emboss.

Ah me ! how soon, on either side 5
 His dying bed's true cross,
 She and I were crucified
 Bemoaning our life-loss !

But He, whose arms in death spread wide 10
 Upon the holy tree,
 Were clasped about him when he died—
 Clasped for eternity !

RODEN NOEL.

LONG BARREN

THOU who didst hang upon a barren tree,
 My God, for me ;
 Though I till now be barren, now at length,
 Lord, give me strength
 To bring forth fruit to thee. 5

Thou who didst bear for me the crown of thorn,
 Spitting and scorn ;
 Though I till now have put forth thorns, yet now
 Strengthen me thou
 That better fruit be borne. 10

Thou Rose of Sharon, Cedar of broad roots,
 Vine of sweet fruits,
 Thou Lily of the vale with fadeless leaf,
 Of thousands Chief,
 Feed thou my feeble shoots. 15

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

LAST WORDS

FROM THE ITALIAN

I, LIVING, drew thee from the vale
 Parnassus' height to climb with me.
 I, DYING, bid thee turn, and scale
 Alone the hill of Calvary.

D. M. DOLBEN.

MOST GLORIOUS LORD OF LIFE

Most glorious Lord of life, that, on this day,
 Didst make thy triumph over death and sin :
 And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away
 Captivity thence captive, us to win :
 This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin, 5
 And grant that we, for whom thou diddest die,
 Being with thy dear blood clean washed from sin,
 May live for ever in felicity !
 And that thy love we weighing worthily,
 May likewise love thee for the same again ; 10
 And for thy sake that all like dear didst buy,
 With love may one another entertain :
 So let us love, dear love, like as we ought ;
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

E. SPENSER.

THE EASTER SONG

I GOT me flowers to straw thy way,
 I got me boughs off many a tree ;
 But thou wast up by break of day,
 And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The sun arising in the east, 5
 Though he give light, and the east perfume,
 If they should offer to contest
 With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
 Though many suns to shine endeavour ? 10
 We count three hundred, but we miss :
 There is but one, and that one ever.

G. HERBERT.

TO-MORROW

FROM THE SPANISH OF LOPE DE VEGA

LORD, what am I, that with unceasing care
 Thou didst seek after me, that thou didst wait,
 Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
 And pass the gloomy nights of winter there ?
 O strange delusion ! that I did not greet 5
 Thy blest approach, and O, to Heaven how lost,
 If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
 Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet.
 How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
 'Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
 How he persists to knock and wait for thee !' 11
 And, O ! how often to that voice of sorrow,
 'To-morrow we will open,' I replied,
 And when the morrow came I answered still,
 'To-morrow'.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE COLLAR

I STRUCK the board, and cried, ' No more ;
I will abroad.'
What, shall I ever sigh and pine ?
My lines and life are free ; free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store. 5
Shall I be still in suit ?
Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit ?
Sure there was wine 10
Before my sighs did dry it : there was corn
Before my tears did drown it ;
Is the year only lost to me ?
Have I no bays to crown it,
No flowers, no garlands gay ? all blasted, 15
All wasted ?
Not so, my heart ; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures ; leave thy cold dispute 20
Of what is fit and not ; forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands
Which petty thoughts have made ; and made to
thee
Good cable, to enforce and draw,
And be thy law, 25
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.

Away ! take heed ;
I will abroad.

Call in thy death's head there, tie up thy fears ;
He that forbears 30
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load.

But as I raved and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, ' Child ' ; 35
And I replied, ' My Lord.'

G. HERBERT.

THE CELESTIAL SURGEON

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness ;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face ;
If beams from happy human eyes 5
Have moved me not ; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain :—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake ; 10
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou, before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in !

R. L. STEVENSON.

THE PULLEY

WHEN God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
' Let us ', said he, ' pour on him all we can ;
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
Contract into a span.' 5

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure ;
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that, alone of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay. 10

' For if I should ', said he,
' Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
So both should losers be. 15

' Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness ;
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.' 20

G. HERBERT.

' WHEREFORE HIDEST THOU THY FACE '

WHY dost thou shade thy lovely face ? O why
Does that eclipsing hand so long deny
The sunshine of thy soul-enlivening eye ?

Without that light, what light remains in me ?
Thou art my life, my way, my light ; in thee 5
I live, I move, and by thy beams I see :

Thou art my life ; if thou but turn away,
My life 's a thousand deaths : thou art my way ;
Without thee, Lord, I travel not, but stray.

My light thou art ; without thy glorious sight, 10
Mine eyes are darkened with perpetual night :
My God, thou art my way, my life, my light.

Thou art my way ; I wander if thou fly :
Thou art my light ; if hid, how blind am I !
Thou art my life ; if thou withdraw, I die. 15

Mine eyes are blind and dark, I cannot see ;
To whom or whither should my darkness flee,
But to the light ? and who 's that light but thee ?

My path is lost, my wandering steps do stray ;
I cannot safely go, nor safely stay ; 20
Whom should I seek but thee, my path, my way ?

Oh, I am dead : to whom shall I, poor I,
Repair ? to whom shall my sad ashes fly
But life ? and where is life but in thine eye ?

And yet thou turn'st away thy face, and fliest me ;
 And yet I sue for grace, and thou deniest me ; 26
 Speak, art thou angry, Lord, or only triest me ?

Unscreen those heavenly lamps, or tell me why
 Thou shad'st thy face : perhaps thou think'st no eye
 Can view those flames, and not drop down and die.

If that be all, shine forth, and draw thee nigher ;
 Let me behold and die, for my desire
 Is phoenix-like to perish in that fire.

Death-conquered Lazarus was redeemed by thee :
 If I am dead, Lord, set death's prisoner free ; 35
 Am I more spent or stink I worse than he ?

If my puffed life be out, give leave to tine
 My shameless snuff at that bright lamp of thine :
 Oh what 's thy light the less for lighting mine ?

If I have lost my path, great Shepherd, say, 40
 Shall I still wander in a doubtful way ?
 Lord, shall a lamb of Israel's sheepfold stray ?

Thou art the pilgrim's path, the blind man's eye,
 The dead man's life : on thee my hopes rely ;
 If thou remove, I err, I grope, I die. 45

Disclose thy sunbeams, close thy wings, and stay ;
 See, see how I am blind, and dead, and stray,
 O thou that art my light, my life, my way.

F. QUARLES.

MY EYES FOR BEAUTY PINE

My eyes for beauty pine,
 My soul for Goddës grace :
 No other care nor hope is mine ;
 To heaven I turn my face.

One splendour thence is shed 5
 From all the stars above :
 'T is namèd when God's name is said,
 'T is Love, 't is heavenly Love.

And every gentle heart,
 That burns with true desire, 10
 Is lit from eyes that mirror part
 Of that celestial fire.

R. BRIDGES.

NOT SELDOM, CLAD IN RADIANT VEST

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
 Deceitfully goes forth the morn ;
 Not seldom evening in the west
 Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove, 5
 To the confiding bark, untrue ;
 And, if she trust the stars above
 They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
 Full oft, when storms the welkin rend, 10
 Draws lightning down upon the head
 It promised to defend.

But thou art true, incarnate Lord,
 Who didst vouchsafe for man to die ;
 Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word 15
 No change can falsify !

I bent before thy gracious throne,
 And asked for peace on suppliant knee ;
 And peace was given,—not peace alone,
 But faith sublimed to ecstasy ! 20

W. WORDSWORTH.

A LONG FAREWELL TO GLITTERING TRIFLES

LEAVE me, O Love, which reachest but to dust ;
 And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things ;
 Grow rich in that which never taketh rust ;
 Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
 Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might 5
 To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
 Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
 That doth both shine and give us sight to see.

Oh, take fast hold ; let that light be thy guide
 In this small course which birth draws out to death,
 And think how evil becometh him to slide, 11
 Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
 Then farewell, world ; thy uttermost I see :
 Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

GIVE TO CAESAR—AND TO GOD

Mark xii. 17.

ALL we have is God's, and yet
 Caesar challenges a debt,
 Nor hath God a thinner share,
 Whatever Caesar's payments are ;
 All is God's ; and yet 'tis true 5
 All we have is Caesar's too.
 All is Caesar's : and what odds,
 So long as Caesar's self is God's ?

R. CRASHAW.

THE WIDOW'S MITES

Two mites, two drops (yet all her house and land),
 Fall from a steady heart, though trembling hand :
 The other's wanton wealth foams high and brave ;
 The other cast away, she only gave.

R. CRASHAW.

THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT

THE man of life upright,
 Whose guiltless heart is free
 From all dishonest deeds,
 Or thought of vanity,

The man whose silent days 5
 In harmless joys are spent,
 Whom hopes cannot delude,
 Nor sorrow discontent ;

That man needs neither towers 10
 Nor armour for defence,
 Nor secret vaults, to fly
 From thunder's violence :

He, only, can behold 15
 With unaffrighted eyes
 The horrors of the deep
 And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares 20
 That fate or fortune brings,
 He makes the heaven his book,
 His wisdom heavenly things,

Good thoughts his only friends,
 His wealth a well-spent age,
 The earth his sober inn
 And quiet pilgrimage.

T. CAMPION.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill ;

Whose passions not his masters are ; 5
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice ; who never understood 10
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;—
Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed, 15
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend ! 20

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;—
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR H. WOTTON.

THE ELIXIR

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see,
 And what I do in anything
 To do it as for thee.

Not rudely, as a beast, 5
 To run into an action ;
 But still to make thee prepossessed,
 And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
 On it may stay his eye ; 10
 Or if he pleaseth, through it pass,
 And then the heaven espy.

All may of thee partake :
 Nothing can be so mean
 Which with his tincture, ' for thy sake ', 15
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgery divine ;
 Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
 Makes that and the action fine. 20

This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold ;
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for less be told.

G. HERBERT.

ON BEING ARRIVED AT TWENTY-THREE
YEARS OF AGE

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year !
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom showeth.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth, 5
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits indueth.
 Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even, 10
 To that same lot, however mean, or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of
 Heaven ;
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Taskmaster's eye.

J. MILTON.

TO HIS EVER-LOVING GOD

THOU bidst me come ; I cannot come ; for why ?
 Thou dwell'st aloft, and I want wings to fly.
 To mount my soul, she must have pinions given ;
 For 't is no easy way from earth to heaven.

R. HERRICK.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
 My true account, lest he returning chide,
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?
 I fondly ask ; but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts : who best 10
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state
 Is kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest :
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

J. MILTON.

HIS PRAYER FOR ABSOLUTION

FOR those my unbaptizèd rhymes,
 Writ in my wild unhallowed times ;
 For every sentence, clause, and word,
 That 's not inlaid with thee, my Lord,
 Forgive me, God, and blot each line 5
 Out of my book that is not thine.
 But if, 'mongst all, thou find'st here one
 Worthy thy benediction ;
 That one of all the rest shall be
 The glory of my work and me. 10

R. HERRICK.

SONG IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

HE that is down, needs fear no fall,
 He that is low, no pride :
 He that is humble, ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have, 5
 Little be it, or much :
 And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
 Because thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
 That go on pilgrimage : 10
 Here little, and hereafter bliss,
 Is best from age to age.

J. BUNYAN.

IT'S WISER BEING GOOD

It's wiser being good than bad ;
 It's safer being meek than fierce ;
 It's fitter being sane than mad.
 My own hope is, a sun will pierce
 The thickest cloud earth ever stretched ; 5
 That, after Last, returns the First,
 Though a wide compass round be fetched ;
 That what began best, can't end worst,
 Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

R. BROWNING.

PILGRIMAGE

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon,
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
 My bottle of salvation,
 My gown of glory, hope's true gage ; 5
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer ;
 No other balm will there be given ;
 Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
 Travels to the land of heaven ; 10
 Over all the silver mountains,
 Where do spring those nectar fountains :
 And I there will sweetly kiss
 The happy bowl of peaceful bliss,
 Drinking mine eternal fill 15
 Flowing on each milky hill.
 My soul will be a-dry before ;
 But after, it will thirst no more.

In that happy, blissful day,
 More peaceful pilgrims I shall see, 20
 That have cast off their rags of clay,
 And walk apparelled fresh like me.
 I'll take them first
 To slake their thirst
 And then taste of nectar suckets, 25

At those clear wells
 Where sweetness dwells,
 Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
 Are filled with immortality, 30

Then those holy paths we'll travel,
 Strowed with rubies thick as gravel ;
 Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
 High walls of coral and pearly bowers,
 From thence to heaven's bribeless hall, 35

Where no corrupted voices brawl ;
 No conscience molten into gold,
 No forged accuser bought or sold,
 No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
 For there Christ is the king's Attorney, 40

Who pleads for all without degrees,
 And he hath angels, but no fees.
 And when the grand twelve-million jury
 Of our sins, with direful fury,
 'Gainst our souls black verdicts give, 45
 Christ pleads his death, and then we live.

Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
 Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder !
 Thou givest salvation even for alms ;
 Not with a bribed lawyer's palms. 50

Then this is mine eternal plea
 To him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
 Seeing my flesh must die so soon,
 And want a head to dine next noon,

Just at the stroke of death, my arms being spread,
 Set on my soul an everlasting head ! 56
 So shall I ready, like a palmer fit,
 Tread those blest paths shown in thy holy writ.

Of death and judgement, heaven and hell,
 Who oft doth think, must needs die well. 60

SIR W. RALEGH.

GIRD ON THY SWORD

GIRD on thy sword, O man, thy strength endue,
 In fair desire thine earth-born joy renew.
 Live thou thy life beneath the making sun
 Till Beauty, Truth, and Love in thee are one.

Thro' thousand ages hath thy childhood run : 5
 On timeless ruin hath thy glory been :
 From the forgotten night of loves fordone
 Thou risest in the dawn of hopes unseen.

Higher and higher shall thy thoughts aspire,
 Unto the stars of heaven, and pass away, 10
 And earth renew the buds of thy desire
 In fleeting blooms of everlasting day.

Thy work with beauty crown, thy life with love ;
 Thy mind with truth uplift to God above :
 For whom all is, from whom was all begun, 15
 In whom all Beauty, Truth, and Love are one.

R. BRIDGES.

TO THE BODY

THOU inmost, ultimate
 Council of judgement, palace of decrees,
 Where the high senses hold their spiritual state,
 Sued by earth's embassies,
 And sign, approve, accept, conceive, create ; 5

 Create—thy senses close
 With the world's pleas. The random odours reach
 Their sweetness in the place of thy repose,
 Upon thy tongue the peach,
 And in thy nostrils breathes the breathing rose. 10

 To thee, secluded one,
 The dark vibrations of the sightless skies,
 The lovely inexplicit colours run ;
 The light gropes for those eyes.
 O thou august ! thou dost command the sun. 15

 Music, all dumb, hath trod
 Into thine ear her one effectual way ;
 And fire and cold approach to gain thy nod,
 Where thou call'st up the day,
 Where thou awaitest the appeal of God. 20

ALICE MEYNELL.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

' In no Strange Land '

O WORLD invisible, we view thee,
 O world intangible, we touch thee,
 O world unknowable, we know thee,
 Inapprehensible, we clutch thee !

Does the fish soar to find the ocean, 5
 The eagle plunge to find the air—
 That we ask of the stars in motion
 If they have rumour of thee there ?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
 And our benumbed conceiving soars !— 10
 The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
 Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places ;—
 Turn but a stone, and start a wing !
 'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces, 15
 That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
 Cry ;—and upon thy so sore loss
 Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
 Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross. 20

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
 Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems ;
 And lo, Christ walking on the water
 Not of Gennesareth, but Thames !

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

A HYMN TO CHRIST, AT THE AUTHOR'S
 LAST GOING INTO GERMANY

IN what torn ship soever I embark,
 That ship shall be my emblem of thy ark ;
 What sea soever swallow me, that flood
 Shall be to me an emblem of thy blood ;
 Though thou with clouds of anger do disguise 5
 Thy face ; yet through that mask I know those eyes,
 Which, though they turn away sometimes,
 They never will despise.

I sacrifice this Island unto thee,
 And all whom I loved there, and who loved me ; 10
 When I have put our seas 'twixt them and me,
 Put thou thy sea betwixt my sins and thee.
 As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
 In winter, in my winter now I go,
 Where none but thee, the eternal root 15
 Of true love, I may know.

Nor thou nor thy religion dost control
 The amorousness of an harmonious soul,
 But thou would'st have that love thyself : as thou
 Art jealous, Lord, so I am jealous now, 20

Thou lov'st not, till from loving more, thou free
My soul : whoever gives, takes liberty :

O, if thou car'st not whom I love,
Alas, thou lov'st not me.

Seal then this bill of my divorce to all, 25
On whom those fainter beams of love did fall ;
Marry those loves, which in youth scattered be
On fame, wit, hopes (false mistresses) to thee.
Churches are best for prayer, that have least light :
To see God only, I go out of sight : 30
And to 'scape stormy days, I choose
An everlasting night.

J. DONNE.

WHERE THE REMOTE BERMUDAS RIDE

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song.

' What should we do but sing his praise 5
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs, 10
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms, and prelates' rage :

He gave us this eternal spring
 Which here enamels everything,
 And sends the fowls to us in care 15
 On daily visits through the air.
 He hangs in shades the orange bright
 Like golden lamps in a green night,
 And does in the pomegranates close
 Jewels more rich than Ormus shows : 20
 He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
 And throws the melons at our feet ;
 But apples plants of such a price,
 No tree could ever bear them twice.
 With cedars chosen by his hand 25
 From Lebanon he stores the land ;
 And makes the hollow seas that roar
 Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
 He cast (of which we rather boast)
 The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ; 30
 And in these rocks for us did frame
 A temple where to sound his name.
 O let our voice his praise exalt
 Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
 Which then perhaps rebounding may 35
 Echo beyond the Mexique bay !'
 —Thus sung they in the English boat
 A holy and a cheerful note :
 And all the way, to guide their chime,
 With falling oars they kept the time. 40

A. MARVELL.

SIN

LORD, with what care hast thou begirt us round !

Parents first season us ; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws ; they send us, bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin, 5
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises ;

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
The sound of glory ringing in our ears : 10
Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;
Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

G. HERBERT.

DROP, DROP, SLOW TEARS

DROP, drop, slow tears,
And bathe those beauteous feet
Which brought from heaven
The news and Prince of Peace :
Cease not, wet eyes, 5
His mercies to entreat ;

To cry for vengeance
 Sin doth never cease :
 In your deep floods
 Drown all my faults and fears ; 10
 Nor let his eye
 See sin, but through my tears.

P. FLETCHER.

AT THE ROUND EARTH'S IMAGINED CORNERS

At the round earth's imagined corners, blow
 Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
 From death, you numberless infinities
 Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go,
 All whom the flood did, and the fire shall o'erthrow,
 All whom war, dearth, age, agues, tyrannies, 6
 Despair, law, chance, hath slain, and you whose eyes
 Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
 But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space,
 For, if above all these, my sins abound, 10
 'Tis late to ask abundance of thy grace,
 When we are there ; here on this lowly ground,
 Teach me how to repent ; for that 's as good
 As if thou hadst sealed my pardon, with thy blood.

J. DONNE.

THOU HAST MADE ME

THOU hast made me, and shall thy work decay ?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste,
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday ;
I dare not move my dim eyes any way, 5
Despair behind, and death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh ;
Only thou art above, and when towards thee
By thy leave I can look, I rise again ; 10
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one hour myself I can sustain ;
Thy grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like adamant draw mine iron heart.

J. DONNE.

THE ROSE

BEFORE man's fall the Rose was born,
Saint Ambrose says, without the thorn ;
But, for man's fault, then was the thorn,
Without the fragrant rose-bud, born ;
But ne'er the rose without the thorn.

R. HERRICK.

A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER

WILT thou forgive that sin where I begun,
 Which was my sin, though it were done before ?
 Wilt thou forgive that sin, through which I run,
 And do run still, though still I do deplore ?
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done, 5
 For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin which I have won
 Others to sin ? and made my sin their door ?
 Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
 A year or two : but wallowed in a score ? 10
 When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
 For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I have spun
 My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
 But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son 15
 Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore ;
 And, having done that, thou hast done,
 I fear no more.

J. DONNE.

THE ECLIPSE

WHITHER, O whither didst thou fly ?
 When did I grieve thy holy eye ?
 When thou didst mourn to see me lost,
 And all thy care and counsels crossed.
 O do not grieve, where'er thou art ! 5

Thy grief is an undoing smart,
 Which doth not only pain, but break
 My heart, and makes me blush to speak.
 Thy anger I could kiss, and will ;
 But O thy grief, thy grief, doth kill ! 10

H. VAUGHAN.

COMFORT

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so,
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.
 Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet ! 5
 And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
 Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
 In reach of thy divinest voice complete
 In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
 To lose the sense of losing. As a child, 10
 Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
 Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

E. B. BROWNING.

MULTUM DILEXIT

SHE sat and wept beside his feet : the weight
 Of sin oppressed her heart ; for all the blame,
 And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
 To her was past, extinct, and out of date,
 Only the *sin* remained—the leprous state ; 5
 She would be melted by the heat of love,
 By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
 And purge the silver ore adulterate.
 She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
 She wiped the feet she was so bless'd to touch ; 10
 And he wiped off the soiling of despair
 From her sweet soul, because she loved so much.
 I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,
 Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

H. COLERIDGE.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW

CAN I see another's woe,
 And not be in sorrow too ?
 Can I see another's grief,
 And not seek for kind relief ?

Can I see a falling tear, 5
 And not feel my sorrow's share ?
 Can a father see his child
 Weep, nor be with sorrow filled ?

Can a mother sit and hear
 An infant groan, an infant fear ? 10
 No, no ! never can it be !
 Never, never can it be !

And can he who smiles on all
 Hear the wren with sorrows small,
 Hear the small bird's grief and care, 15
 Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest,
 Pouring pity in their breast ;
 And not sit the cradle near,
 Weeping tear on infant's tear ; 20

And not sit both night and day,
 Wiping all our tears away ?
 O, no ! never can it be !
 Never, never can it be !

He doth give his joy to all ; 25
 He becomes an infant small ;
 He becomes a man of woe ;
 He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
 And thy Maker is not by ; 30
 Think not thou canst weep a tear,
 And thy Maker is not near.

O! he gives to us his joy
 That our grief he may destroy ;
 Till our grief is fled and gone
 He doth sit by us and moan. 35

W. BLAKE.

SORROW

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
 God's messenger sent down to thee ; do thou
 With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow ;
 And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
 Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ; 5
 Then lay before him all thou hast ; allow
 No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
 Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
 Of mortal tumult to obliterate
 The soul's marmoreal calmness : Grief should be 10
 Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
 Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
 Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
 Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to
 the end.

AUBREY DE VERE (THE YOUNGER).

**TWO WENT UP INTO THE TEMPLE
TO PRAY**

Two went to pray ? oh, rather say
 One went to brag, the other to pray :
 One stands up close, and treads on high,
 Where the other dares not lend his eye.
 One nearer to God's altar trod,
 The other to the altar's God.

R. CRASHAW.

THE RIGHT USE OF PRAYER

THEREFORE when thou wouldst pray, or dost thine
 alms,
 Blow not a trump before thee : hypocrites
 Do thus, vaingloriously ; the common streets
 Boast of their largess, echoing their psalms.
 On such the laud of men, like unctuous balms, 5
 Falls with sweet savour. Impious counterfeits !
 Prating of heaven, for earth their bosom beats !
 Grasping at weeds, they lose immortal palms !
 God needs not iteration nor vain cries :
 That man communion with his God might share 10
 Below, Christ gave the ordinance of prayer :
 Vague ambages, and witless ecstasies,
 Avail not : ere a voice to prayer be given
 The heart should rise on wings of love to heaven.

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

QUI LABORAT, ORAT

O ONLY source of all our light and life,
 Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
 But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
 Alone aright reveal !

Mine inmost soul, before thee inly brought, 5
 Thy presence owns ineffable, divine ;
 Chastised each rebel self-encentered thought,
 My will adoreth thine.

With eye down-dropped, if then this earthly mind
 Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart ; 10
 Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
 Can see thee as thou art ?—

If sure-assured 'tis but profanely bold
 In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
 It dare not dare the dread communion hold 15
 In ways unworthy thee,

O not unowned, thou shalt unnamed forgive,
 In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare ;
 And if in work its life it seem to live,
 Shalt make that work be prayer. 20

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,
 Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
 And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
 In recognition start.

As wills thy will, or give or e'en forbear 25
 The beatific supersensual sight,
 So, with thy blessing blessed, that humbler prayer
 Approach thee morn and night.

A. H. CLOUGH.

EAST LONDON

'T WAS August, and the fierce sun overhead
 Smote on the squalid streets of Bethnal Green,
 And the pale weaver, through his windows seen
 In Spitalfields, looked thrice dispirited.

I met a preacher there I knew, and said : 5
 ' Ill and o'erworked, how fare you in this scene ?'
 ' Bravely ! ' said he ; ' for I of late have been
 Much cheered with thoughts of Christ, *the living*
bread.'

O human soul ! as long as thou canst so
 Set up a mark of everlasting light, 10
 Above the howling senses' ebb and flow,

To cheer thee, and to right thee if thou roam,
 Not with lost toil thou labourest through the night !
 Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy
 home. M. ARNOLD.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD, FOR HIS
HOUSE

LORD, thou hast given me a cell,
 Wherein to dwell ;
 A little house, whose humble roof
 Is weather-proof ;
 Under the spars of which I lie 5
 Both soft and dry ;
 Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hast set a guard
 Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep 10
 Me while I sleep.
 Low is my porch, as is my fate,
 Both void of state ;
 And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by the poor,
 Who thither come and freely get 15
 Good words or meat.
 Like as my parlour, so my hall
 And kitchen 's small ;
 A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin, 20
 Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipped, unflead ;
 Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
 Make me a fire,
 Close by whose living coal I sit, 25
 And glow like it,
 Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is thine,

And all those other bits that be
 There placed by thee ; 30
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
 Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent ;
 And my content
Makes those, and my belovèd beet, 35
 To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink. 40
Lord, 't is thy plenty-dropping hand,
 That soils my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one ;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay 45
 Her egg each day ;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
 Me twins each year ;
The while the conduits of my kine
 Run cream, for wine : 50
All these and better thou dost send
 Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart ;
Which, fired with incense, I resign, 55
 As wholly thine ;
But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by thee.

R. HERRICK.

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

BLEST pair of Sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,
 Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
 Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-raised phantasy present 5
 That undisturbèd song of pure content,
 Ay sung before the sapphire-coloured throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,
 Where the bright seraphim in burning row 10
 Their loud up-lifted angel trumpets blow,
 And the cherubic host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
 With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
 Hymns devout and holy psalms 15
 Singing everlastingly ;
 That we on earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
 As once we did, till disproportioned sin
 Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din
 Broke the fair music that all creatures made 21
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed
 In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good.
 O may we soon again renew that song, 25
 And keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
 To his celestial concert us unite
 To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light.

J. MILTON.

SONG TO DAVID

HE sang of God—the mighty source
 Of all things—the stupendous force
 On which all strength depends ;
 From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
 All period, power, and enterprise 5
 Commences, reigns, and ends.

O David, scholar of the Lord !
 Such is thy science, whence reward,
 And infinite degree ;
 O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe ! 10
 God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
 The lion and the bee !

For adoration all the ranks
 Of angels yield eternal thanks
 And David in the midst ; 15
 With God's good poor, which, last and least
 In man's esteem, thou to thy feast,
 O blessèd Bridegroom, bidd'st !

For adoration, David's psalms
 Lift up the heart to deeds of alms ; 20
 And he, who kneels and chants,
 Prevails his passions to control,
 Finds meat and medicine to the soul,
 Which for translation pants.

For adoration, in the dome 25
 Of Christ, the sparrows find a home,
 And on his olives perch :

The swallow also dwells with thee,
 O man of God's humility,
 Within his Saviour's church, 30

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes,
 And drops upon the leafy limes ;
 Sweet Hermon's fragrant air :
 Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
 And sweet the wakeful tapers smell 35
 That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with love intense,
 Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence ;
 Sweet, when the lost arrive :
 Sweet the musician's ardour beats, 40
 While his vague mind 's in quest of sweets,
 The choicest flowers to hive.

Sweeter in all the strains of love,
 The language of thy turtle-dove,
 Paired to thy swelling chord ; 45
 Sweeter with every grace endued,
 The glory of thy gratitude
 Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed ;
 Strong in pursuit the rapid glede, 50
 Which makes at once his game :
 Strong the tall ostrich on the ground ;
 Strong through the turbulent profound
 Shoots xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal 55
 His eyeball—like a bastion's mole
 His chest against the foes :
 Strong the gier-eagle on his sail ;
 Strong against tide the enormous whale
 Emerges as he goes. 60

But stronger still, in earth and air,
 And in the sea, the man of prayer,
 And far beneath the tide .
 And in the seat to faith assigned,
 Where ask is have, where seek is find, 65
 Where knock is open wide.

Beauteous the fleet before the gale ;
 Beauteous the multitudes in mail,
 Ranked arms, and crested heads :
 Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild, 70
 Walk, water, meditated wild,
 And all the bloomy beds.

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn ;
 And beauteous, when the veil's withdrawn,
 The virgin to her spouse : 75
 Beauteous the temple, decked and filled,
 When to the heaven of heavens they build
 Their heart-directed vows.

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,
 The Shepherd King upon his knees, 80
 For his momentous trust ;

With wish of infinite conceit,
 For man, beast, mute, the small and great,
 And prostrate dust to dust.

Precious the bounteous widow's mite ; 85
 And precious, for extreme delight,
 The largess from the churl :
 Precious the ruby's blushing blaze,
 And alba's blest imperial rays,
 And pure cerulean pearl. 90

Precious the penitential tear ;
 And precious is the sigh sincere,
 Acceptable to God :
 And precious are the winning flowers,
 In gladsome Israel's feast of bowers, 95
 Bound on the hallowed sod.

More precious that diviner part
 Of David, even the Lord's own heart,
 Great, beautiful, and new :
 In all things where it was intent, 100
 In all extremes, in each event,
 Proof—answering true to true.

Glorious the sun in mid career ;
 Glorious the assembled fires appear ;
 Glorious the comet's train : 105
 Glorious the trumpet and alarm ;
 Glorious the Almighty's stretched-out arm ;
 Glorious the enraptured main ;

Glorious the northern lights astream ;
 Glorious the song, when God's the theme ; 110
 Glorious the thunder's roar :
 Glorious Hosanna from the den ;
 Glorious the catholic Amen ;
 Glorious the martyr's gore :

Glorious—more glorious—is the crown 115
 Of him that brought salvation down
 By meekness, called thy Son :
 Thou that stupendous truth believed ;—
 And now the matchless deed 's achieved,
 DETERMINED, DARED, and DONE. 120

C. SMART.

O FOR A SCULPTOR'S HAND

O FOR a sculptor's hand,
 That thou might'st take thy stand,
 Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze,
 Thy tranced yet open gaze
 Fixed on the desert haze, 5
 As one who deep in heaven some airy pageant sees.

In outline dim and vast
 Their fearful shadows cast
 The giant forms of empires on their way
 To ruin : one by one 10
 They tower and they are gone,
 Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay.

No sun or star so bright
 In all the world of light
 That they should draw to heaven his downward eye .
 He hears th' Almighty's word, 16
 He sees the angel's sword,
 Yet low upon the earth his heart and treasure lie.

Lo ! from yon argent field,
 To him and us revealed, 20
 One gentle Star glides down, on earth to dwell.
 Chained as they are below
 Our eyes may see it glow,
 And as it mounts again, may track its brightness
 well.

To him it glared afar, 25
 A token of wild war,
 The banner of his Lord's victorious wrath :
 But close to us it gleams,
 Its soothing lustre streams
 Around our home's green walls, and on our church-
 way path. 30

We in the tents abide
 Which he at distance eyed
 Like goodly cedars by the waters spread,
 While seven red altar-fires
 Rose up in wavy spires, 35
 Where on the mount he watched his sorceries dark
 and dread.

He watched till morning's ray
 On lake and meadow lay,
 And willow-shaded streams, that silent sweep
 Around the bannered lines, 40
 Where by their several signs
 The desert-wearied tribes in sight of Canaan sleep.

He watched till knowledge came
 Upon his soul like flame,
 Not of those magic fires at random caught : 45
 But true prophetic light
 Flashed o'er him, high and bright,
 Flashed once, and died away, and left his darkened
 thought.

And can he choose but fear,
 Who feels his God so near, 50
 That when he fain would curse, his powerless tongue
 In blessing only moves ?—
 Alas ! the world he loves
 Too close around his heart her tangling veil hath
 flung.

Sceptre and Star divine, 55
 Who in thine inmost shrine
 Hast made us worshippers, O claim thine own ;
 More than thy seers we know—
 O teach our love to grow
 Up to thy heavenly light, and reap what thou hast
 sown, 60

J. KEBLE.

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST

THE last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King,
 Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
 Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
 Which he more harmless found than man and mild.
 His food was locusts, and what there doth spring, 5
 With honey that from virgin hives distilled ;
 Parched body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
 Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.
 There burst he forth : All ye whose hopes rely
 On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn 10
 Repent, repent, and from old errors turn !
 —Who listened to his voice, obeyed his cry ?
 Only the echoes, which he made relent,
 Rung from their flinty caves, Repent ! Repent !

W. DRUMMOND.

SAINT PAUL

CHRIST! I am Christ's ! and let the name suffice you,
 ay, for me too he greatly hath sufficed ;
 lo with no winning words I would entice you,
 Paul has no honour and no friend but Christ.

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter, 5
 yes, without stay of father or of son,
 lone on the land and homeless on the water
 pass I in patience till the work be done.

Yet not in solitude if Christ anear me
 waketh him workers for the great employ, 10
 oh, not in solitude, if souls that hear me
 catch from my joyaunce the surprise of joy.

Hearts I have won of sister or of brother
 quick on the earth or hidden in the sod,
 lo every heart awaiteth me, another 15
 friend in the blameless family of God.

What was their sweet desire and subtle yearning,
 lovers and ladies whom their song enrols ?
 Faint to the flame which in my breast is burning,
 less than the love with which I ache for souls. 20

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD WITH THE KID

He saves the sheep, the goats he doth not save !
 So rang Tertullian's sentence, on the side
 Of that unpitying Phrygian sect which cried :
 ' Him can no fount of fresh forgiveness lave,
 ' Who sins, once washed by the baptismal wave ! '
 So spake the fierce Tertullian. But she sighed, 6
 The infant Church ; of love she felt the tide
 Stream on her from her Lord's yet recent grave.

And then she smiled, and in the Catacombs,
 With eye suffused but heart inspirèd true, 10
 On those walls subterranean, where she hid

Her head in ignominy, death, and tombs,
 She her Good Shepherd's hasty image drew ;
 And on his shoulders, not a lamb, a kid.

M. ARNOLD.

ST. PATRICK'S HYMN

MAY Christ, I pray,
 Protect me to-day
 Against poison and fire,
 Against drowning and wounding,
 That so, in his grace abounding, 5
 I may earn the preacher's hire.

Christ, as a light,
 Illumine and guide me !
 Christ, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me !
 Christ be under me ! Christ be over me ! 10
 Christ be beside me
 On left hand and right !
 Christ be before me, behind me, about me !
 Christ this day be within and without me !

Christ, the lowly and the meek, 15
 Christ, the all-powerful, be
 In the heart of each to whom I speak,
 In the mouth of each who speaks to me !
 In all who draw near me,
 Or see me, or hear me ! 20

J. C. MANGAN.

UPON THE BOOK AND PICTURE OF THE
SERAPHICAL SAINT THERESA

LIVE in these conquering leaves ; live all the same ;
 And walk through all tongues one triumphant flame.
 Live here, great heart ; and love and die and kill ;
 And bleed and wound ; and yield and conquer still.
 Let this immortal life where'er it comes 5
 Walk in a crowd of loves and martyrdoms.
 Let mystic deaths wait on't, and wise souls be
 The love-slain witnesses of this life of thee.
 O sweet incendiary ! show here thy art
 Upon this carcass of a hard cold heart, 10
 Let all thy scattered shafts of light, that play
 Among the leaves of thy large books of day,
 Combined against this breast at once break in
 And take away from me my self and sin ;
 This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be, 15
 And my best fortunes such fair spoils of me.
 O thou undaunted daughter of desires !
 By all thy dower of lights and fires ;
 By all the eagle in thee, all the dove ;
 By all thy lives and deaths of love ; 20
 By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
 And by thy thirsts of love more large than they ;
 By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire ;
 By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire ;
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss 25
 That seized thy parting soul, and sealed thee his ;

By all the heavens thou hast in him
 (Fair sister of the seraphim !);
 By all of him we have in thee;
 Leave nothing of myself in me. 30
 Let me so read thy life, that I
 Unto all life of mine may die !

R. CRASHAW.

ST. AGNES' EVE.

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon :
 My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
 May my soul follow soon !
 The shadows of the convent-towers 5
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord :
 Make thou my spirit pure and clear
 As are the frosty skies, 10
 Or this first snowdrop of the year
 That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
 To yonder shining ground ;
 As this pale taper's earthly spark, 15
 To yonder argent round ;
 So shows my soul before the Lamb,
 My spirit before thee ;

So in mine earthly house I am,
 To that I hope to be. 20

Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
 Thro' all yon starlight keen,
 Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
 In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ; 25
 The flashes come and go ;

All heaven bursts her starry floors,
 And strows her lights below,
 And deepens on and up ! the gates
 Roll back, and far within 30

For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
 To make me pure of sin.

The sabbaths of Eternity,
 One sabbath deep and wide—
 A light upon the shining sea— 35
 The Bridégroom with his bride !

LORD TENNYSON.

WHEN I SURVEY THE BRIGHT CELESTIAL SPHERE

WHEN I survey the bright
 Celestial sphere ;
 So rich with jewels hung, that Night
 Doth like an Ethiop bride appear :

My soul her wings doth spread 5
 And heavenward flies,
 The Almighty's mysteries to read
 In the large volumes of the skies.
 For the bright firmament
 Shoots forth no flame 10
 So silent, but is eloquent
 In speaking the Creator's name.
 No unregarded star
 Contracts its light
 Into so small a character, 15
 Removed far from our human sight,
 But if we steadfast look
 We shall discern
 In it, as in some holy book,
 How man may heavenly knowledge learn. 20

W. HABINGTON.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day, 5
 Does his Creator's power display ;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale ; 10
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll, 15
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
 What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ? 20
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 ' The hand that made us is divine.'

J. ADDISON.

THE NIGHT IS COME

THE night is come, like to the day :
 Depart not thou, great God, away.
 Let not my sins, black as the night,
 Eclipse the lustre of thy light.
 Keep still in my horizon ; for to me 5
 The sun makes not the day, but thee.

Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
 On my temples sentry keep !
 Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes,
 Whose eyes are open while mine close ; 10
 Let no dreams my head infest,
 But such as Jacob's temples blessed.
 While I do rest, my soul advance ;
 Make my sleep a holy trance ;
 That I may, my rest being wrought, 15
 Awake into some holy thought ;
 And with as active vigour run
 My course, as doth the nimble sun.
 Sleep is a death : oh ! make me try,
 By sleeping, what it is to die ; 20
 And as gently lay my head
 On my grave, as now my bed.
 Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
 Awake again at last with thee.
 And thus assured, behold I lie 25
 Securely, or to wake or die.
 These are my drowsy days : in vain
 I do now wake, to sleep again :
 Oh, come that hour when I shall never
 Sleep again, but wake for ever ! 30

SIR T. BROWNE.

THE NIGHT

John iii. 2.

THROUGH that pure virgin shrine,
 That sacred veil drawn o'er thy glorious noon,
 That men might look and live, as glow-worms shine,
 And face the moon :
 Wise Nicodemus saw such light 5
 As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he !
 Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes
 Thy long-expected healing wings could see,
 When thou didst rise ! 10
 And, what can never more be done,
 Did at midnight speak with the Sun !

Oh, who will tell me, where
 He found thee at that dead and silent hour !
 What hallowed solitary ground did bear 15
 So rare a flower,
 Within whose sacred leaves did lie
 The fulness of the deity !

No mercy-seat of gold
 No dead and dusty cherub, nor carved stone, 20
 But his own living works did my Lord hold
 And lodge alone ;

Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear Night ! this world's defeat ; 25
The stop to busy fools ; care's check and curb ;
The day of spirits ; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb !
Christ's progress, and his prayer-time ;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime. 30

God's silent, searching flight ;
When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night ;
His still, soft call ;
His knocking time ; the soul's dumb watch,
When spirits their fair kindred catch. 36

Were all my loud, evil days
Calm and unhaunted as is thy dark tent,
Whose peace but by some angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent ; 40
Then I in heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

But living where the sun
Doth all things wake, and where all mix and tire
Themselves and others, I consent and run 45
To every mire :
And by this world's ill-guiding light,
Err more than I can do by night.

There is in God (some say)
 A deep, but dazzling darkness ; as men here 50
 Say it is late and dusky, because they
 See not all clear.

O for that Night ! where I in him
 Might live invisible and dim !

H. VAUGHAN.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
 I saw my lattice pranked upon the wall,
 The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—
 A sunny phantom interlaced with shade ;
 ‘ Thanks be to heaven,’ in happy mood I said, 5
 ‘ What sweeter aid my matins could befall
 Than this fair glory from the East hath made ?
 What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
 To bid us feel and see ! we are not free
 To say we see not, for the glory comes 10
 Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea ;
 His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms ;
 And, at prime hour, behold ! He follows me
 With golden shadows to my secret rooms !’

C. TENNYSON TURNER.

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,
 The holy time is quiet as a nun
 Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
 Is sinking down in its tranquillity ;
 The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the sea : 5
 Listen ! the mighty being is awake,
 And doth with his eternal motion make
 A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
 Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,
 If thou appear untouched by solemn thought, 10
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine :
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year ;
 And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
 God being with thee when we know it not.

W. WORDSWORTH.

GROW OLD ALONG WITH ME

GROW old along with me !
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made :
 Our times are in his hand
 Who saith ' A whole I planned, 5
 Youth shows but half ; trust God : see all, nor be
 afraid ! '

Then, welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !
 Be our joys three-parts pain ! 10
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;
 Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge
 the throe !

For thence,—a paradox
 Which comforts while it mocks,—
 Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail : 15
 What I aspired to be,
 And was not, comforts me :
 A brute I might have been, but would not sink i'
 the scale.

Therefore I summon age
 To grant youth's heritage, 20
 Life's struggle having so far reached its term :
 Thence shall I pass, approved
 A man, for ay removed
 From the developed brute ; a God though in the
 germ.

Youth ended, I shall try 25
 My gain or loss thereby ;
 Be the fire ashes, what survives is gold :
 And I shall weigh the same,
 Give life its praise or blame : 29
 Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know, being old.

As it was better, youth
 Should strive, through acts uncouth,
 Toward making, than repose on aught found made ;
 So, better, age, exempt
 From strife, should know, than tempt 35
 Further. Thou waitedst age ; wait death nor be
 afraid !

Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped ;
 All I could never be, 40
 All, men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher
 shaped.

He fixed thee mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest :
 Machinery just meant 46
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who moulded men ; 50
 And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
 Did I,—to the wheel of life
 With shapes and colours rife,
 Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake thy thirst :

So, take and use thy work !
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the
 aim !
 My times be in thy hand !
 Perfect the cup as planned !
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the
 same !

59

R. BROWNING.

OLD AGE

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er :
 So calm are we when passions are no more !
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

5

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has
 made :
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

10

E. WALLER.

NEVER WEATHER-BEATEN SAIL

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to
shore,

Never tired pilgrims' limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my
troubled breast.

O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul
to rest.

Ever-blooming are the joys of Heaven's high para-
dise, 5

Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour dims
our eyes :

Glory there the Sun outshines, whose beams the
blessed only see ;

O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite
to thee.

T. CAMPION.

HIS LITANY, TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed, 5
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep, 10
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees, 15
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When his potion and his pill,
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill, .
Sweet Spirit, comfort me ! 20

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burn blue, 25
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said, 30
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When, God knows, I'm tossed about
 Either with despair or doubt ;
 Yet, before the glass is out, 35
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tempter me pursu'th
 With the sins of all my youth,
 And half damns me with untruth,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me ! 40

When the flames and hellish cries
 Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
 And all terrors me surprise,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Judgement is revealed, 45
 And that opened which was sealed.
 When to thee I have appealed,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

R. HERRICK.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame ;
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife, 5
 And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,
 ‘ Sister Spirit, come away ! ’
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight, 10
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be death ?

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring : 15
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?

A. POPE.

A PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH

O THOU unknown Almighty Cause
 Of all my hope and fear !
 In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
 Perhaps I must appear !

If I have wandered in those paths 5
 Of life I ought to shun ;
 As something, loudly in my breast,
 Remonstrates I have done ;

Thou know'st that thou hast formèd me
 With passions wild and strong ; 10
 And listening to their watching voice
 Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
 Or frailty stept aside,
 Do thou, All-Good ! for such thou art, 15
 In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have erred,
 No other plea I have,
 But thou art good ; and Goodness still
 Delighteth to forgive. 20

R. BURNS.

LAST LINES

No coward soul is mine,
 No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere :
 I see Heaven's glories shine,
 And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast, 5
 Almighty, ever-present Deity !
 Life—that in me has rest,
 As I—undying life—have power in thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
 That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ; 10
 Worthless as withered weeds,
 Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
 Holding so fast by thine infinity ;
 So surely anchored on 15
 The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
 Thy spirit animates eternal years,
 Pervades and broods above,
 Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears. 20

Though earth and man were gone,
 And suns and universes ceased to be,
 And thou wert left alone,
 Every existence would exist in thee.

There is not room for Death 25
 Nor atom that his might could render void :
 Thou—THOU art Being and Breath,
 And what THOU art may never be destroyed.

E. BRONTË.

A THOUGHT FOR A LONELY DEATH-BED

If God compel thee to this destiny,
 To die alone,—with none beside thy bed
 To ruffle round with sobs thy last word said,
 And mark with tears the pulses ebb from thee,—
 Pray then alone—‘ O Christ, come tenderly ! 5

By thy forsaken Sonship in the red
 Drear wine-press,—by the wilderness outspread,—
 And the lone garden where thine agony
 Fell bloody from thy brow,—by all of those
 Permitted desolations, comfort mine ! 10
 No earthly friend being near me, interpose
 No deathly angel 'twixt my face and thine,
 But stoop thyself to gather my life's rose,
 And smile away my mortal to Divine.'

E. B. BROWNING (*To E. C.*).

REQUESTS

I ASKED for Peace—
 My sins arose,
 And bound me close,
 I could not find release.

I asked for Truth— 5
 My doubts came in,
 And with their din
 They wearied all my youth.

I asked for Love— 10
 My lovers failed,
 And griefs assailed
 Around, beneath, above.

I asked for Thee—
 And Thou didst come
 To take me home
 Within Thy heart to be. 15

D. M. DOLBEN.

‘OUR LADY OF THE ROCKS’

BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

MOTHER, is this the darkness of the end,
 The Shadow of Death ? and is that outer sea
 Infinite imminent eternity ?
 And does the death-pang by man’s seed sustained
 In Time’s each instant cause thy face to bend 5
 Its silent prayer upon the Son, while he
 Blesses the dead with his hand silently
 To his long day which hours no more offend ?

Mother of grace, the pass is difficult,
 Keen as these rocks, and the bewildered souls 10
 Throng it like echoes, blindly shuddering
 through.
 Thy name, O Lord, each spirit’s voice extols,
 Whose peace abides in the dark avenue
 Amid the bitterness of things occult.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

THE LAND WHICH NO ONE KNOWS

DARK, deep, and cold the current flows
 Unto the sea where no wind blows,
 Seeking the land which no one knows.

O'er its sad gloom still comes and goes
 The mingled wail of friends and foes, 5
 Borne to the land which no one knows.

Why shrieks for help yon wretch, who goes
 With millions, from a world of woes,
 Unto the land which no one knows ?

Though myriads go with him who goes, 10
 Alone he goes where no wind blows,
 Unto the land which no one knows.

For all must go where no wind blows,
 And none can go for him who goes ;
 None, none return whence no one knows. 15

Yet why should he who shrieking goes 1
 With millions, from a world of woes,
 Reunion seek with it or those ?

Alone with God, where no wind blows,
 And Death, his shadow—doomed, he goes : 20
 That God is there the shadow shows.

O shoreless Deep, where no wind blows !
 And thou, O Land which no one knows !
 That God is all, his shadow shows.

E. ELLIOTT.

WHEN LAZARUS LEFT

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
 And home to Mary's house returned,
 Was this demanded—if he yearned
 To hear her weeping by his grave ?

' Where wert thou, brother, those four days ? ' 5
 There lives no record of reply,
 Which telling what it is to die
 Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbours met,
 The streets were filled with joyful sound, 10
 A solemn gladness even crowned
 The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ !
 The rest remaineth unrevealed ;
 He told it not ; or something sealed 15
 The lips of that Evangelist.

.

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
 Nor other thought her mind admits
 But, he was dead, and there he sits,
 And he that brought him back is there. 20

Then one deep love doth supersede
 All other, when her ardent gaze
 Roves from the living brother's face,
 And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears, 25
 Borne down by gladness so complete,
 She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet.
 With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
 Whose loves in higher love endure ; 30
 What souls possess themselves so pure,
 Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

LORD TENNYSON.

IMMORTALITY

FOILED by our fellow men, depressed, outworn,
 We leave the brutal world to take its way,
 And, *Patience ! in another life*, we say,
The world shall be thrust down, and we upborne !

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn 5
 The world's poor, routed leavings ? or will they,
 Who failed under the heat of this life's day,
 Support the fervours of the heavenly morn ?

No, no ! the energy of life may be
 Kept on after the grave, but not begun ; 10
 And he who flagged not in the earthly strife,
 From strength to strength advancing—only he,
 His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
 Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

M. ARNOLD.

WE ARE GREATER THAN WE KNOW

I THOUGHT of thee, my partner and my guide,
 As being passed away.—Vain sympathies !
 For, backward, Duddon ! as I cast my eyes,
 I see what was, and is, and will abide ;
 Still glides the stream, and shall for ever glide ; 5
 The form remains, the function never dies ;
 While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
 We men, who in our morn of youth defied
 The elements, must vanish ;—be it so !
 Enough, if something from our hands have power
 To live and act, and serve the future hour ; 11
 And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,
 Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent
 dower,
 We feel that we are greater than we know.

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE CONCLUSION

EVEN such is Time, which takes in trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with earth and dust ;
 Who, in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways, 5
 Shuts up the story of our days ;
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.

SIR W. RALEGH.

THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT

WHEN the fierce north wind with his airy forces
 Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury ;
 And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes
 Rushing amain down,

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble ! 5
 Whilst the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
 Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
 Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder
 (If things eternal may be like these earthly), 10
 Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
 Shakes the creation ;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
 Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes ;
 See the graves open, and the bones arising, 15
 Flames all around them.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches !
 Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
 Stare through their eye-lids, while the living worm
 lies
 Gnawing within them. 20

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-
strings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling before him,

Hopeless immortals ! how they scream and shiver,
While devils push them to the pit wide-yawning 26
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the centre.

Stop here, my fancy (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas !): come, arise to Jesus, 30
How he sits God-like, and the saints around him
Throned, yet adoring !

Oh, may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations ! then ascend to glory,
While our hosannas all along the passage 35
Shout the Redeemer.

I. WATTS.

RETRIBUTION

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet they
grind exceeding small ;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exact-
ness grinds he all.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

LOST DAYS

THE lost days of my life until to-day,

What were they, could I see them on the street
Lie as they fell? Would they be ears of wheat
Sown once for food but trodden into clay?

Or golden coins squandered and still to pay? 5

Or drops of blood dabbling the guilty feet?

Or such spilt water as in dreams must cheat
The throats of men in Hell, who thirst alway?

I do not see them here; but after death

God knows I know the faces I shall see, 10
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.

'I am thyself,—what hast thou done to me?'

'And I—and I—thyself,' (lo! each one saith,)

'And thou thyself to all eternity!'

D. G. ROSSETTI.

LOVE

LOVE bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin.

But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,

Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning 5

If I lacked anything.

'A guest,' I answered, 'worthy to be here:'

Love said, 'You shall be he.'

'I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah, my dear,

I cannot look on thee.' 10
 Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
 ' Who made the eyes but I ?'
 ' Truth, Lord ; but I have marred them ; let my
 shame
 Go where it doth deserve.
 ' And know you not,' says Love, ' who bore the
 blame ?' 15
 ' My dear, then I will serve.'
 ' You must sit down,' says Love, ' and taste my
 meat.'
 So I did sit and eat.

G. HEBBERT.

BEYOND THE VEIL

THEY are all gone into the world of light !
 And I alone sit lingering here ;
 Their very memory is fair and bright,
 And my sad thoughts doth clear.
 It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast 5
 Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
 Or those faint beams in which this hill is dressed,
 After the sun's remove.
 I see them walking in an air of glory,
 Whose light doth trample on my days ; 10
 My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
 Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy Hope, and high Humility,
 High as the heavens above !
 These are your walks, and you have showed them me,
 To kindle my cold love. 16

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just,
 Shining nowhere but in the dark ;
 What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
 Could man outlook that mark ! 20

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may
 know
 At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
 But what fair well or grove he sings in now,
 That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams 25
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
 themes,
 And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
 Her captive flames must needs burn there ; 30
 But when the hand that locked her up, gives room,
 She 'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of Eternal Life, and all
 Created glories under thee !
 Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall 35
 Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
 My perspective still, as they pass ;
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill
 Where I shall need no glass. 40

H. VAUGHAN.

THE LONE NIGHT-WATCHES

TAKE me away, and in the lowest deep
 There let me be,
 And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
 Told out for me.
 There, motionless and happy in my pain, 5
 Lone, not forlorn,—
 There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
 Until the morn.
 There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
 Which ne'er can cease 10
 To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
 Of its Sole Peace.
 There will I sing my absent Lord and Love :—
 Take me away,
 That sooner I may rise, and go above, 15
 And see him in the truth of everlasting day.

J. H. NEWMAN.

REST

THEY are at rest ;
 We may not stir the heaven of their repose
 By rude invoking voice, or prayer addressed
 In waywardness to those,
 Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie, 5
 And hear the four-fold river as it murmurs by.

They hear it sweep
 In distance down the dark and savage vale ;
 But they at rocky bed or current deep,
 Shall never more grow pale ; 10
 They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
 How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall
 flow.

And soothing sounds
 Blend with the neighbouring waters as they glide ;
 Posted along the haunted garden's bounds 15
 Angelic forms abide,
 Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove,
 The verses of that hymn which seraphs chant above.

J. H. NEWMAN.

YE BLESSED SAINTS

YE blessed saints, that now in heaven enjoy
 The purchase of those tears, the world's disdain,
 Doth Love still with his war your peace annoy,
 Or hath Death freed you from his ancient pain ?

Have ye no springtide, and no burst of May 5
 In flowers and leafy trees, when solemn night
 Pants with love-music, and the holy day
 Breaks on the ear with songs of heavenly light ?

What make ye and what strive for ? keep ye
 thought
 Of us, or in new excellence divine 10
 Is old forgot ? or do ye count for nought
 What the Greek did and what the Florentine ?
 We keep your memories well : O in your store
 Live not our best joys treasured evermore ?

R. BRIDGES.

PEACE

My soul, there is a country
 Far beyond the stars,
 Where stands a wingèd sentry
 All skilful in the wars :
 There, above noise and danger, 5
 Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,
 And One born in a manger
 Commands the beauteous files.
 He is thy gracious Friend,
 And (O my soul, awake !) 10
 Did in pure love descend
 To die here for thy sake.

If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flower of peace,
 The rose that cannot wither, 15
 Thy fortress, and thy ease ;
 Leave then thy foolish ranges ;
 For none can thee secure,
 But One, who never changes,
 Thy God, thy life, thy cure. 20

H. VAUGHAN.

THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
 When shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?
 Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbour of the saints ! 5
 O sweet and pleasant soil !
 In thee no sorrow may be found,
 No grief, no care, no toil.

In thee no sickness may be seen,
 No hurt, no ache, no sore ; 10
 There is no death, nor ugly devil,
 There is life for evermore.

No dampish mist is seen in thee,
 No cold nor darksome night ;
 There every soul shines as the sun, 15
 There God himself gives light.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell ;
 There envy bears no sway ;
 There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
 But pleasure every way. 20

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 God grant I once may see
 Thy endless joys, and of the same
 Partaker ay to be !

Thy walls are made of precious stones, 25
 Thy bulwarks diamonds square ;
 Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
 Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
 With carbuncles do shine ; 30
 Thy very streets are paved with gold,
 Surpassing clear and fine ;

Thy houses are of ivory,
 Thy windows crystal clear ;
 Thy tiles are made of beaten gold— 35
 O God that I were there !

Within thy gates no thing doth come
 That is not passing clean,
 No spider's web, no dirt, no dust,
 No filth may there be seen. 40

We that are here in banishment
 Continually do mourn ;
 We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
 Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall ; 45
 Our pleasure is but pain ;
 Our joys scarce last the looking on,
 Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
 Such pleasure and such play, 50
 As that to them a thousand years
 Doth seem as yesterday.

Thy vineyards and thy orchards are
 Most beautiful and fair,
 Full furnishèd with trees and fruits, 55
 Most wonderful and rare ;

Thy gardens and thy gallant walks
 Continually are green ;
 There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
 As nowhere else are seen. 60

There 's nectar and ambrosia made,
 There 's musk and civet sweet ;
 There many a fair and dainty drug
 Is trodden under feet.

There David stands, with harp in hand 65
 As master of the quire ;
 Ten thousand times that man were blest
 That might this music hear.

Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
 With tune surpassing sweet, 70
 And all the Virgins bear their parts,
 Sitting about her feet.

Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose sing ;
 Saint Austin doth the like ;
 Old Simeon and Zachary 75
 Have not their songs to seek.

There Magdalene hath left her moan,
 And cheerfully doth sing
 With blessed saints, whose harmony
 In every street doth ring. 80

Jerusalem, my happy home,
 Would God I were in thee !
 Would God my woes were at an end
 Thy joys that I might see !

(F. B. P. 16th cent.).

DAVID BEFORE SAUL

I HAVE gone the whole round of Creation : I saw
 and I spoke !
 I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, received
 in my brain

And pronounced on the rest of his handwork—
returned him again

His creation's approval or censure : I spoke as I saw.
I report, as a man may of God's work—all 's love,
yet all 's law ! 5

Now I lay down the judgeship he lent me. Each
faculty tasked

To perceive him, has gained an abyss, where a dew-
drop was asked

Have I knowledge ? confounded it shrivels at Wis-
dom laid bare.

Have I forethought ? how purblind, how blank, to
the Infinite Care !

Do I task any faculty highest, to image success ? 10
I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and
no less,

In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is
seen God

In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and
the clod.

And thus looking within and around me, I ever
renew

(With that stoop of the soul which in bending
upraises it too) 15

The submission of Man's nothing-perfect to God's
All-Complete,

As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to his
feet !

R. BROWNING.

NOTES

P. 8. *Dryden*.—St. Francis Xavier is said to have repeated this favourite Catholic hymn, which Dryden translated, before every canonical hour.

P. 9. *Jonson*.—From *Underwoods*. Jonson became a Roman Catholic when he was imprisoned for killing an actor in a duel, but after twelve years he abjured.

P. 10. *Pope*.—Warburton states that this Prayer was composed to show that his system was founded in free-will, and terminated in piety. It will be noticed that the Lord's Prayer is paraphrased. Pope originally wrote as his fourth stanza the following, regarded at the time as 'licentious':

Can sins of moments claim the rod
Of everlasting fires?
And that offend great Nature's God
Which Nature's self inspires?

P. 13. *Shelley*.—From one of the choruses in *Hellas*.

P. 15. *Milton*.—It is impossible to find room for the whole of the magnificent ode which Milton calls 'our tedious song'. The stanzas given are those in which the note of peace is struck.

P. 16. *Crashaw*.—The 'Poet and Saint' of Cowley's poem. Here the opening and closing chorus are omitted.

The editions of 1646, 1648, and 1670 vary considerably.

P. 20. *Southwell*.—A Jesuit priest, chaplain to the Countess of Arundel. Taken prisoner on his way to celebrate mass, he was tortured on the rack thirteen times and finally executed. Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden 'so I had written this piece ("The Burning Babe") I would have been content to destroy many of mine.'

P. 23. *Wither*.—After an early career as poet and writer of satires (for which he suffered imprisonment), Wither became a Puritan, and fought for the Parliament, being created a major by Cromwell. His *Hymns and Songs of the Church* were ordered by letters patent to be inserted in every copy of the authorized Psalms. Stanzas 8 and 11 are omitted from this poem, which is from *Halleluah*.

P. 25. *Crashaw*.—The lines here given are those with which begins 'A Hymn to the Name and Honour of the admirable Saint Teresa.' This great Spaniard and reformer of the

Carmelites (1515–82) was a voluminous writer, and her works have been translated into many languages. She was canonized in 1622, and her feast-day is October 15. See p. 88.

P. 26. *Vaughan* was a medical practitioner, and he signed himself Silurist, as his native county, Brecknockshire, formed part of the Siluria of Roman days. 'The Retreat' is assumed to have suggested to Wordsworth 'The Intimations of Immortality'.

P. 27. *Traherne*.—The first three stanzas, from *Poems of Felicity* in the Oxford Tudor and Stuart Library.

P. 28. *Blake*.—From *Songs of Innocence*.

P. 29. *Herrick*.—'Handsel' is a gift for luck.

P. 84. *Dolben*.—His *Poems*, edited, with a memoir, by his early friend, Robert Bridges, were published by Mr. Frowde in 1911, nearly half a century after the young poet's death while swimming.

P. 85. *Spenser*.—Sonnet LXVIII in *Amoretti*.

P. 85. *Herbert*.—'Holy George Herbert' was Public Orator at Cambridge for eight years before he retired to Bemerton, Wilts., where the greater part of *The Temple* from which this and other poems are taken was written.

P. 86. *Longfellow*.—Lope de Vega was born at Madrid in 1562 and died in 1635. After a lax life, he became a victim of hypochondria.

P. 40. *Quarles*.—The poet was for a time private secretary to Archbishop Ussher and afterwards chronologer to the city of London. This is reprinted in full from the first edition (1635) of his *Emblems Divine and Moral* (Book 8). It is found with certain changes, whereby it is turned into a love poem addressed 'to his mistress', in *The Works of the Earls of Rochester and Roscommon* (1709), and was thence reprinted as Rochester's by Mr. W. E. Henley in his *English Lyrics* (1897) 'save for the omission of certain stanzas'. Sir A. Quiller-Couch, in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, followed without question Henley, omissions and all; and Sir Walter Raleigh, in his study of Milton, stating that Rochester's best love-poetry reaches the topmost pinnacle of achievement, makes special reference to the piece as 'too beautiful and too intense to be cited as a sudden illustration of a thesis'. The unknown thief, who may have been Rochester himself, changed 'God' and 'Lord' into 'Love', and, to round off his adaptation, stole the final verse of another 'Emblem' by Quarles (Emblem XII in the same book):

Then work thy will ; if passion bid me flee,
My reason shall obey ; my wings shall be
Stretched out no farther than from Thee to Thee,

printing the last three words 'me to thee'. Quarles wrote so much rubbish, and has suffered such eclipse, that credit should be given where credit is due. 'Tine' means to light up.

P. 42. *Bridges*.—Appointed Poet Laureate in 1918.

P. 42. *Wordsworth*.—One of the 'inscriptions supposed to be found in and near a hermit's cell.'

P. 43. *Sidney*.—This is Sonnet CX, the final one, in 'Astrophel and Stella'.

P. 45. *Campion*.—This poem is the eighteenth in *A Booke of Ayres*, published 1601; it was reprinted in the first of *Two Bookes of Ayres*, c. 1618.

P. 46. *Wotton*.—He could speak with experience as ambassador; on his retirement he became Provost of Eton. From *Reliquiae Wottonianae*.

P. 50. *Bunyan*.—The song of the shepherd's boy in the Valley of Humiliation, from the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*. The reader is referred to Phil. iv. 12, 13 in verse 1, and to Heb. xiii. 5 in verse 3.

P. 50. *Browning*.—The last stanza of 'Apparent Failure', a poem inspired by a report that the people of Paris were about to lose 'the Doric little Morgue'. From *Dramatis Personae* (1864).

P. 51. *Raleigh*.—This is asserted to have been written by Raleigh in the Tower during the night before his execution, as was also 'The Conclusion', see p. 107. Schelling observes that 'it would be difficult to find a poem more truly representative of the age of Elizabeth, with its poetical fervour, its beauty and vividness of expression, its juggling with words, and its daring mixture of things celestial with things mundane'. 'Scallop shell' means a hat adorned with cockle shells, denoting a pilgrim. 'Sucket' is a sweetmeat. The reference to angels is a pun on the name of the coin.

P. 56. *Donne*.—The poet, who for the last ten years of his life was Dean of St. Paul's, accompanied Lord Doncaster on a diplomatic mission to Heidelberg. In the last lines of the second stanza is, possibly, an allusion to the bereavement which he had suffered in the loss of his wife.

P. 57. *Marvell*.—He assisted Milton as Latin Secretary of State, and was M.P. for Hull.

P. 60. *Donne*.—One of his 'holy sonnets'. Professor Grierson in the Oxford edition reads 'dearth' in line 6 for the commonly accepted 'death': an obvious improvement justified by the Westmoreland MS.

P. 62. *Donne*.—The Dean caused his hymn, Walton states, 'to be set to a most grave and solemn tune and to be often sung to the Organ by the choristers of St. Paul's Church, in

his own hearing, especially at the Evening Service'. The poet himself 'did occasionally say to a friend, The words of this Hymne have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that possess my Soul in my sickness when I composed it.' The allusion in the second line is to the old doctrine that imputed the guilt of Adam's first sin to his descendants.

P. 64. *Coleridge*.—Eldest son of S. T. C., of whom Wordsworth wrote with unconscious prophetic insight (*To H. C., six years old*)

I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

P. 64. *Blake*.—From *Songs of Innocence*.

P. 66. *de Vere*.—Son of Sir Aubrey. See p. 67.

P. 72. *Milton*.—'Content' is Dean Beeching's reading in the Oxford edition for 'concent' in line 6.

P. 78. *Smart*.—This poem consists altogether of eighty-six stanzas, and it is said to have been indented with the end of a key upon the wainscot of the room in which Smart was confined during his madness. The stanzas given here are xviii, xxxviii, li, lxiv, lxxi-lxxxvi. Rossetti is said to have called it 'the only accomplished poem of the eighteenth century'; Browning,

A Song where flute-breath silvers trumpet-clang,
And stations you for once on either hand
With Milton and with Keats.

(*Parleyings with People of Importance.*)

the glede is the kite; xiphias is the sword-fish: the reference in line 87 is to 1 Sam. xxv. 18.

P. 77. *Keble*.—Professor of poetry at Oxford 1831-41. From *The Christian Year* (the second Sunday after Easter). The reference is to Balaam, Num. xxiv. 16, 17.

P. 80. *Myers*.—The opening verses of 'Saint Paul' originally dedicated to Mrs. Josephine Butler.

P. 81. *Arnold*.—The Phrygian sect were the Montanists.

P. 82. *Mangan*.—From the Irish Gaelic of St. Patrick (A. D. 433), reported to be preserved in a manuscript about 1,300 years old.

P. 83. *Crashaw*.—This passage begins at line 76 of 'The Flaming Heart'—the saint being 'usually expressed with a seraphim beside her'. See p. 25 and note thereon.

P. 84. *Tennyson*.—St. Agnes, a Roman Christian in the time of Diocletian, the subject of martyrdom and legend. Her festival falls on January 21.

P. 85. *Habington*.—This poem is not complete.

P. 87. *Browne*.—From *Religio Medici*. The author explains that 'this is the dormitive I take to bedward; I need no other

laudanum than this to make me sleep : after which, I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the sun, and sleep unto the resurrection.' This may be compared with the familiar 'evening hymn' by Bishop Ken (1637-1711).

P. 92. *Browning*.—A selection from the thirty-two stanzas of 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' in *Dramatis Personae*.

P. 95. *Waller*.—The lines here printed are part of his comment on his 'Divine Poems' which were published two years before his death. In earlier years Waller as member of Parliament supported Charles I and was banished, but through Cromwell's intervention was pardoned.

P. 96. *Campion*.—This is the eleventh poem in the first of *Two Bookes of Ayres*.

P. 98. *Pope*.—Written in imitation of the Emperor Hadrian's lines 'Animula vagula, blandula', 'but', Warburton asserts, 'as much superior in sense and sublimity to his original, as the Christian religion is to the Pagan.' Pope seems to have seen Flatman's poem 'A Thought of Death', in which are found the lines

Methinks, I hear some gentle Spirit say
'Be not fearful, come away!'

P. 100. *Emily Brontë*.—'These lines,' said Charlotte Brontë 'were the last that my sister Emily ever wrote.' They were written but a short time before her death.

P. 108. *Rossetti*.—Suggested, probably, by the picture in the Louvre. There is a variant of the same picture in the National Gallery, London.

P. 104. *Elliott*.—The 'Corn-Law Rhymer'.

P. 105. *Tennyson*.—These stanzas are from 'In Memoriam'.

P. 107. *Wordsworth*.—This is the 'After-Thought', the last of the series of sonnets on the River Duddon. The poet notes that 'the allusion to the Greek poet [Moschus] will be obvious to the classical reader.'

P. 107. *Raleigh*.—See p. 51 and note thereon.

P. 108. *Watts*.—The Independent scholar and divine, whom Dr. Johnson said 'every Christian church would rejoice to have adopted'.

P. 109. *Longfellow*.—Translated from the Sinngedichte of Friedrich von Logau (seventeenth century)

P. 116. *The Heavenly Jerusalem*.—The source of this hymn was, according to Dr. Julian, a prose passage in St. Augustine's *Meditations* and a hymn of St. Peter Damian's. Neale conjectures that F. B. P. was a Roman Catholic priest and martyr of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries.

P. 119. *Browning*.—Part of 'Saul', section xvii.

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